

lished in the United States to-day, as cheap as *Our Little Folks*, considering the quality of paper, the amount of matter and the illustrations used. If there is, we should like to see it. David C. Cook used to publish a paper called, "Little Learner's Paper, at 2 cents per quarter, but it was an undenominational paper, taught no doctrine, interpreted scripture with a view of getting subscribers, and therefore entirely ignored all "doctrinal points," which might give offense." All denominational literature is higher in price than undenominational literature, and if we are ever to have a literature of our own we must expect to pay a little more for it than would otherwise be necessary. The Brethren church can congratulate itself, that, though its Sunday-school literature is but three years old, the two papers, *Cheering Words* and *Our Little Folks*, now cost less than any other similar papers published by any church in the United States. Those who know something about what Sunday-school literature is or ought to be, have expressed their surprise at the cheapness of our literature. We use first class paper—nothing else—clean, new type, and only the most wholesome reading matter. We are pleased to note that nearly all our schools appreciate our efforts and give us liberal support. Every school in the brotherhood should use the literature prepared by and for the Brethren church.

WITH A VERY LITTLE EFFORT.

We have not yet secured those 400 subscribers, but we have hope that we will get them, and we know that they *can* be secured, and that without a great effort. On Sabbath morning Brother Miller announced that subscriptions for the EVANGELIST would be taken at the rate of 75 cents for the balance of the year. At the close of the service *three* names were handed in. The same thing could be done in many other places, with as little effort as was required to secure these. *How many readers of the EVANGELIST have really tried to get ONE subscriber at 75 cents? Have you? Please help us to add 400 names to the subscription list of the EVANGELIST. When you have read this paper, go to work at once, and see whether you cannot find some one who will become a subscriber.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously reported, 24
D. K. Bole, Pittsburg, Pa., 1
D. C. Swonger, (3 yearly,) 6

S. A. Holsinger, Sulphur Springs, Ind., 1
Mrs. Daniel Weidner, Edna Mills, Ind., 1
D. L. Bowman, Eddyville, Ia., 1
Eli Miller, Carleton, Neb., 1
Amos Davis, South Fork, Pa., 1
A. P. Gibson, Nickerson, Kan., 2
J. M. Bowman, Glenford, O., 2
Fetter Hall, (1 yearly,) 2
J. Markley, Ashland, O., 1
Mrs. Wm. Shidler, 1
Mrs. D. R. Buffenmire, 1
Eli Bowers, Superior, Neb., (1 yearly,) 2
Whole number, 47

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In this issue of the EVANGELIST appears an article on "Our Church Paper—Principles that should Control it," by J. C. Cassel. It contains some very excellent thoughts and on the whole the sentiment is good. There are, however, a few statements in it which we cannot endorse. We have a friendly criticism to offer, but for want of space must withhold it until next week.

HOW THE FLOWERS WOKE UP.

The Southwind came from her home in the sunny land and found the flowers asleep.

"It is time they were awake," she said, and she called to them and kissed them; but the Northwind growled, and the Eastwind hissed and scolded, so that the flowers only cuddled closer in their beds and drew their caps down over their heads.

This made the Southwind feel so bad that she told the clouds. They felt so sorry for her that they dropped their tears very fast. This might have waked the flowers, but the Northwind froze the tears, and they hung in bright crystals from the trees, and every one said:—

"How beautiful!"

Then the Sun said —

"Unless I help, the Northwind and Eastwind will have everything their own way."

The great sun then came out and smiled upon the flowers; he also sent an invitation to the Westwind, who came and sang a cheerful song, until the Northwind and Eastwind went growling and scolding back to their homes. Then, because it was April, the clouds shed tears of joy, which did not freeze this time, but ran away in little streamlets, making such a pretty sound that it woke the flowers.

They lifted their pretty heads, took off their caps, and there they stood with rosy faces, making every one glad.—*Mrs. G. P. Armstrong, in the American Teacher.*

Church News.

ADDITIONAL.

GLEANINGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

While we may arrange our work, and lay our plans, there is an unseen hand that undermines them all. A few days ago while we were contemplating a visit to College Corner, one of our regular points of work, a messenger came with the telegram announcing the death of sister Bertha Rench, and requesting our service at the funeral on Sunday, consequently a disappointment at College Corner.

The funeral was largely attended. The floral decorations were grand. The lilies of pure white were only a comparison of the soul washed in Jesus' blood. A white funeral car drawn by beautiful white horses; a white casket with six young ladies dressed in white as pall-bearers; these all could not compare with a soul dyed in the crimson wave. Sister Bertha was loved by all who knew her; she talked much about Jesus and admonished her brothers and sisters to meet her in heaven. Brother G. W. Rench of Milford, Ind., reached her bed-side only a few hours before she died, and she was anxiously waiting to see him. The church will miss her; the Sunday-school will miss her; the community will miss her, and the home will miss her. She leaves an aged father, four brothers, and three sisters to mourn her loss. But the loss of earth will be heaven's gain.

On Monday we went to College Corner to supply the disappointment of Sunday. Met a large audience of attentive listeners. During this visit we had two additions by relation, and so the work moves on. The G. B. Brethren purchased the college at our place, and we wish them abundant success in their enterprise.

Yours for salvation,

WM. W. SUMMERS.

North Manchester, Ind.

A SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.

The *Captain who Commands*.—A soldier of the first Napoleon had been wounded. When he was in the hands of a surgeon who was searching in his breast for the bullet, he looked up and said, "Cut deeper, and you will find the Emperor." What did he mean? Just this; that if the knife was pushed down a little farther, and laid his heart bare, it would have been discovered that there was enshrined in it the leader whom he loved, and the sovereign whom he served. In the heart of the Christian soldier there is One enthroned who is far more worthy of our affection and obedience—the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour Friend, our King and Master, "the Captain of our Salvation."